SOME NEW BOOKS.

A Frenchman in the Far West.

A clever Frenchman, M. FRANCOIS DE TESSAN, has been moved to make a book about his *Promenades au Far West* (Plon-Nourrit et Cie, Paris). The author's experiences are of course shared by a great many Americans and very few Frenchmen, very few, at least, who know how to record their observations. But that is a main part of the attraction of the book to American readers. The eye "of little employment hath the daintier sense." We are willing to see again how even so hackneyed a subject as New York strikes a Frenchman who has any freshness or originality about him. Nay, we take notice of what even the nth British tourist has to say about us, provided he gives some guaranty of not merely parroting the previous British tourists from "a" to "m." And then a glance over this tourist's "table of matters" shows that he is interested in "live" subjects, that his topics are even journalistically "actual." "In the Mormon Country." "The Divorce Mill." "The Spanish Missions of California." "The Cowboys Are Going." "Where Are the Redskins?" Who has not some curiosity to know what an intelligent Frenchman has to say about these things? And, moreover, he has got up all his subjects, interviewed everybody who could tell him about them, from the leader of the Mormon Church on polygamy to the President of the University of California on the Asiatic invasion and "Buffalo Bill" on the disappearance of the cowboys. And all without the portentous seriousness and sense of personal accountability, say, of M. Paul Bourget in "Outre Mer." We seem to have here the elements of a readable volume.

Some readers will be surprised to learn that, to this observer, the divorce mill of Reno appears to be a much more serious social symptom than what is left of the polygamy of Utah. The readers who are most shocked at his failure to be shocked with Mormonism will very likely be moved to exclaim, "Just like a Frenchman." In fact it was a French woman, and a French actress of eminence, who is reported to have said, when Chicago drew the line at her socially: "I suppose it is because I have a child and no husband. To be acceptable, I should have three husbands and no child." Like most observers of his sex, this observer was too busy admiring things in Salt Lake City to be reminded of Sodom and Gomorrah. He even forgot to be shocked, with Mr. Kipling, at the extreme architectural badness of the temple, of which the design was "revealed" to Brigham Young, apparently by the spirit of a particularly illiterate and ambitious country carpenter. The English tourist was moved to tears by the awful waste of monumental material and human labor on that uncouth pile. The Frenchman contrariwise revels in the statistics of magnitude and costliness, "more Americano," and indeed that view is as eligible as the other. On the other hand, he does justice to the design of that turtle backed tabernacle of which the architecture, simple as it is as straightforward and expressive as that of the temple is meaningless and ugly. The difference is denoted by the respective dates.

Whatever the explanation may be, the fact is that the Mormons of the younger generation are distinctly more artistic then their Gentile neighbors, showing more talent both for music and for the plastic arts. Certainly they are not inferior in the energy and foresight in matters of business upon which those neighbors chiefly value themselves. It is the success of the Church of the Latter Day Saints as a business concern to which President Smith attributed, in an interview with the inquiring Frenchman, the jealousy and envy of their Gentile rivals. However that may be, the success is indisputable. A "Zion Cooperative Mercantile Institution," of which the receipts amount to over six millions a year, may well excite cupidity. Add that politically the Mormons control the representation of three States and you have abundant causes of division. It is worth noting that the Gentile ex-Mayor of Salt Lake City, also interviewed by the author, conceded the Mormon claim that the younger generation of Mormons were monogamous, though he retained unverifiable suspicions about their elders.

M. de Tessan found much more fun, of the cynical kind, in Reno than in Salt Lake City. Speaking generally, "everything goes" in Nevada. There is a width of openness as to what are elsewhere mala prohibita not to be found to the eastward, and hardly to the westward. In California, in fact, there are colonies of New England in which Puritanical traditions are as powerful as in Massachusetts. Los Angeles is one of them. San Francisco is far from being one, but the latitudinarianism of Reno is much beyond that of the capital of the Pacific coast. The Jeffries-Johnson prize fight attested "the benignity of the laws on betting." Nevada is by no means the only community which has undertaken to attract population by making an Alsatia of itself. The author relates in detail how the "Divorce Doctor," who was in fact a divorce lawyer, took advantage of a temporary lull in the divorce business at Sioux Falls to vaunt the advantages of Reno as a resort for the mismated for whom the Dakotan capital had previously catered with success. He advertised those advantages so skilfully, and incidentally his own "dreadful trade," beginning a dozen years ago, that Sioux Falls is hardly heard of now "in that connection," or disconnection, and the fashionable business has been diverted to Reno. It is a thriving business, the kind of people who "acquire a residence" for the purpose of sundering their domestic ties being "good spenders," and there is no prospect that Nevada will make more stringent the laws of which the laxity is so good for business. The author is very amusing about the social condition which has ensued among the "émigrés," who are so in something of the old French sense. His serious conclusion is: "The Reno mill does not lack business. At the rate at which things are going, its wings are not near a stoppage. Until the unification of the divorce laws has been realized in the United States, and that is a long and delicate task, an abundant clientage of heroes and heroines will continue to frequent it, all throwing their bonnets over the 'mill,' to the great scandal of the propagandists of a severe reform."

The author seems to have known the Eastern States very well before he undertook his Far Western excursions. That fact may not make very valuable what is evidently his belief that there is a steady differentiation going on between the Far West on the one hand and the East and the middle West on the other. But it gives point and interest to all his chapters, which among them comprise not only the most interesting scenes and institutions of the Far West but the most interesting "questions." Moreover, as has already been intimated, he has supplemented his personal impressions and observations by study, so that his discussions are well informed and competent. It is almost superfluous to say that in his capacity of French journalist he also knows how to make them interesting.

The Salvation Army.

A very promising book is *The Authoritative Life of Gen. William Booth, Founder of the Salvation Army*, by G. S. RAILTON (George H. Doran Company), and upon the whole the promise is not belied. The author is "First Commissioner to Gen. Booth," and writes, of course, in complete sympathy with the methods as well as the aims of the "army." He has apparently had access to all the available documents that would be serviceable to him in his task. There is a commendatory preface by "General" Bramwell Booth, the present head of the organization which his father built up. The military titles, by the way, look rather silly, seeing that they are in effect self-conferred and correspond only loosely to the functions which they denote. They are also often misleading and leave the reader in doubt whether the "Colonel," for example, who casually appears in the text, is a real colonel wielding the arm of flesh or only a Salvationist officer so entitled. Doubtless the assimilation of the Salvation Army to an actual army has had its uses in maintaining enthusiasm. Does not Bret Harte tell us in narrating the adventures of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" how Mr. John Oakhurst was lured into joining in a hymn by "a certain defiant tone and Covenanter's swing to its chorus, rather than any devotional quality"? The Salvationists are so distinguished for sowing beside all waters and have won so many signal successes thereby that no rational and benevolent person will grudge them any advantage they may derive from their martial pretensions and analogies, including even what may seem an absurd mimicry of military titles, or a like mimicry of conventional military architecture, as in their headquarters here in New York and possibly in other cities also.

William Booth (1829-1912) differed from many thousands of his countrymen only by his genius for evangelization and especially for organization. There are many street preachers who share his "enthusiasm of humanity" to the full. There are and have been many revivalists as eloquent as he, some who have achieved temporary results more remarkable than any that are here recorded of him. His distinction was that he was not contented with these temporary results. He insisted upon organizing the impulses of enthusiasm into not only a "movement" but an institution, which should spread all over the world and which should outlast him, as it has in fact done. The telegram of condolence sent by King George upon his death last August defined his qualities: "The nation has lost a great organizer and the poor a whole hearted and sincere friend, who devoted his life to helping them in a practical way." The result of the lifelong service of William Booth has not been paralleled since the death of John Wesley. This parallel is too obvious to be overlooked. It frequently recurs in these pages. It is true that there is no sect of "Boothites" as there is of Wesleyans. Booth's whole career was opposed to making sectarian distinctions. So indeed was Wesley's. It was by no means by his own wish that he became the founder of a sect. It was his advice to his converts not to separate themselves from the Church of England. It was rather the action of the Church in rejecting the voluntary aid which he offered to it as a recruiting officer that changed the "Wesleyans" from a subdivision of the national church to a church of their own. But Booth was perhaps more fortunate than his predecessor in not arousing sectarian animosities or in allaying those that he had aroused. It is not conceivable that George III. would or could have published such a tribute to Wesley's memory in 1791 as George V. has published to Booth's in 1912.

Booth's own bringing up seems to have been in the Church of England, in which his mother's piety found itself at home. His father was a speculative builder in Nottingham, who had overestimated the demand for houses, and from being a well to do citizen, sank into actual poverty before his death, insomuch that the boy had to quit school and go to earning his living. He was a serious boy from childhood, "poring over Young's 'Night Thoughts' and Kirke White's Poems." At 13 he was apprenticed for six years. When he was out of his time he found nothing to do in Nottingham and betook himself to London. He had already "experienced religion" and had even become a lay preacher in the country, and continued that avocation in London under conditions which he has described: "I was practically a white slave, being only allowed my liberty on Sundays, and an hour or two one night in the week, and even then the rule was 'Home by 10 o'clock or the door will be locked against you.' This law was rigidly enforced in my case, although my employer knew that I travelled long distances preaching the Gospel in which he and his wife professed so loudly to believe. To get home in time many a Sunday night I have had to run long distances after walking for miles and preaching twice during the day." The biographer gives a gloomy picture of the facilities afforded by the Church of England in the early '40s to a devout youth who was filled with a desire to benefit his species. "The rich had their allotted pew, a sort of reserved seat into which no stranger dared enter deserted though it might be by its holders for months together." For those who were not pew holders there were seats at the back of the church, "conspicuously marking the inferiority of those who sat in them." A connection with some other body than the Established Church was a necessity to the ardent boy, and he accordingly joined the Wesleyan Methodists, and in due course and after "trial sermons" was licensed as lay preacher, supporting himself by other means and bearing his own expenses as a preacher. This, one learns, is still the rule in the Salvation Army. "Only two persons at each of our stations, the officers actually in command, receive any payment whatever from the army. All the others associated with us, many of them wearing our uniform and holding some particular office, give freely their leisure time and money to the work, and may be spoken of as 'lay preachers.'"

It was not long before young Booth's avocation became a vocation. A well to do and evangelical storekeeper of London urged him to give up his secular business and offered to be responsible for his expenses, which Booth put at 12 shillings a week but his benefactor at 20, and insisted upon subscribing that amount for three months. During this apprenticeship an opportunity was offered to him to become a Congregational minister, which he refused because it would have required him to preach Calvinism. "After reading a book which fully explained the doctrine I threw it at the wall opposite me and said I would sooner starve than preach such doctrine, one special feature of which was that only a select few could be saved." He became in fact a Methodist preacher and spent eighteen months in a charge in Lincolnshire. He undertook regular theological study. "But, instead of better qualifying me for the work of saving men, by imparting to me the knowledge necessary for the task and showing me in every day practice how to put it to practical use, I was set to study Latin, Greek, various sciences, and other subjects, which, as I saw at a glance, could little help me in the all important work that lay before me." His professor, after once hearing him preach, gave him up as a theologian and exhorted him to go on in his own way.

The young preacher had chosen the Methodist "New Connexion" as the most congenial denomination But even in this he found his liberty restrained to an irksome degree. He took up what he called "campaigns," equivalent to revivals, instead of confining himself to the pastoral routine. His wife, for he had by this time married a fellow devotee and a most efficient helpmate, disregarded the admonition of St. Paul about women keeping silence in the churches, and after two years and a half his conference voted against his continuing his "campaigns" and confined him to ordinary pastoral duties. He records: "I felt I was called to a different sphere of labor. I wanted liberty to move forward in it. So when the conference definitely declined my request to set me free for evangelistic work I bade them farewell." And this step he took without any assurance as to his future support, and devoted himself exclusively and trustfully to the special work in which the rest of his life was to be passed.

This was, it may be said, the beginning of the Salvation Army. The immediate result of the new departure was to close against him the churches of all denominations. In his old age he contrasts the feeling about irregular and unauthorized religious work with that which he had experienced in his youth. "Nothing could be more charming than the present attitude toward us of every religious community in the United States, from the Roman Catholics, whose Archbishop has publicly commended us, to the Mormons, who are generally regarded as enemies of all Christianity, and the Friends, commonly called Quakers, whose ideas of worship seem to be at the uttermost extreme from ours. All are satisfied that I and my people are not wishful to find fault with any religious body whatever, but to spend all our time and energy in combating the great evils of godlessness and selfishness which threaten to sweep away all the people everywhere from any thought above material things. If this experience has been invaluable to us in Christian lands, how much more so is it in the far vaster countries of Asia and Africa, where our work is as yet only in its beginnings. When I went to Japan, the entire missionary community everywhere united to uphold me as the exemplar of true Christlike action for the good of all men. But the leaders of all the five sects of Buddhism were no less unanimous in their welcome to me, or in their expression of prayerful desire for the success of my work. In India and Africa I have repeatedly seen supporting me in my indoor and outdoor demonstrations the leader of the Hindu, Parsee, Sikh, Buddhist, Jewish and Mohammedan communities, who had never met with the Christians in so friendly a way before. I cannot think this would have been the case had I ever become settled among any Christian body in this country." All his career, but especially the earlier part of it, was what his biographer calls "a fight against formality."

A call to Cornwall immediately followed his secession from the "New Connexion," and there he and his wife held a series of revival meetings, with the usual results of epidemic religious excitements. He notes: "Glorious prayer meeting. An old woman who found the Saviour jumped on her feet and shouted, with her face beaming with heavenly radiance, 'He's saved me! Glory to God! He's saved me, an old sinner, 63! Glory to God!'" But the couple heard a louder call to London. Even then, there were by no means lacking earnest and devoted clergymen in East London, though preaching and exhorting and assisting, in spite of themselves, from above downward, and encountering suspicious beneficiaries. Mr. Kipling gives a lurid picture of the conditions in "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot." To be talked to and helped "on the level" was discerned by the Booths to be the most urgent need of the "East Enders." In Cornwall the Booths had been supported by the contributions of the better to do among their auditories. In East London there were no better to do. They fell heirs to a tent which had been pitched in Whitechapel for the use of a missioner who had fallen ill. The wife reports herself as saying to her husband: "We have trusted the Lord once for our support, and we can trust Him again." "That night," said the husband, "the Salvation Army was born."

It was a hard struggle to get the work going. All the churches stood aloof. The Salvationists' first notion had been to make converts, and then send them to the churches, the "army" itself acting as a recruiting agent. "But to this there were three main obstacles. 1. They would not go where they were sent. 2. They were not wanted when they did go. 3. I soon found that I wanted them myself." After six years of hard work there was nothing more suitable for headquarters than a small covered alley attached to a drinking saloon, some discarded chapels and a tumble down penny theatre. It was not until the work had shown such results that its well wishers contributed $17,500 to the establishment of a headquarters in East London that the army found a real footing. The biographer is quite chary of dates, and one cannot make out just when this happened, at least from the text, though there is a reasonably complete chronology in an appendix. But it happened without any help from either the Established Church or the dissenting bodies. Official assistance, either from Church or State, the army never got. In quite late days, in 1892, we find Booth complaining that the "English people" in India did nothing to promote his work there. "They had cold shouldered me at the Town Hall, the Lieutenant-Governor had even refused to see one of our officers, although he had the reputation of being a Christian man. The Viceroy had been civil to me; in fact, he verged on friendliness before we parted, but that was all." How could it be otherwise? Emerson's old gibe at the Church of England recurs: "Its creed is 'By taste ye shall be saved.'" And here was a band of what might fairly be called religious rowdies, using the most crude and vulgar methods of evangelization, and in effect telling its catechumens that it was not in the least necessary for them to be civilized in order to be Christianized. Moreover, the very success of the army, the fact that it had "made good," and reached those whom the churches had not reached, to their great and undeniable benefit, was an indictment of the churches, and of the national church most of all. Macaulay was fully justified in saying that the Church of Rome "thoroughly understands how to deal with enthusiasts," and that the Church of England does not understand it at all.

That part of the essay on Von Ranke which labors this contention is particularly well worth reading over in view of the wonderful success and the wonderful spread of the Salvation Army, which was not born when Macaulay died, but which has raised the statesmanship of his discussion "to something like prophetic strain." William Booth should no more than John Wesley have been forced out of the Church of England, nor his converts, the Salvationists, than the Wesleyan Methodists. Indeed, Booth's "theology" seems even simpler and less controversial than that of his predecessor. In Australia he encountered "Social Democracy" as an opposing force, and he notes: "The Social Democrat usually contents himself by compassionating the inadequacy of my efforts for dealing with the misery which they contemplate with the remark that I don't go deep enough, that mine is a superficial operation, whereas they destroy poverty by dragging it up by the roots. * * * My notion is that the roots of the selfishness are to be found in human nature itself." Upon the whole, the tardy but emphatic "Anglican" acceptance of Booth's work in the honorary D. C. L. bestowed upon him by Oxford in 1905 is a tribute not more to him than to the essential honesty and fair mindedness of the English people.

The bulk of this volume is given to accounts of the extension of the work of the Salvation Army in America, in Scandinavia, in Germany, in South Africa, in India and Australasia and Japan. While it had colonized in this country as early as 1879, it was to Booth's visit in 1886 that it owed its great impetus, which has gone on until it is as nationally important here as there, and that President Taft's message of condolence on the death of its founder was as much a matter of course as that of King George. And as you may read here, the "movement" has been almost as remarkably and "providentially" prospered in the outlying countries which are not of the British-Puritanical, not even of the Christian tradition and heritage. It is clear that these wonderful results imply not only ardent benevolence but human sense on the part of him who has attained them. He fulfilled the admonition to combine the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove. And he employed his gifts and acquirements with single minded and absolutely unselfish devotion "to the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate." There is no advocatus diaboli among the secularist Comtists who could plausibly argue against his right to a place in the Positivist Pantheon among "the servants of humanity" who are conspicuously entitled to commemoration. The time may come when the "enthusiasm of humanity" will die out, and the resulting institution, the Salvation Army, will be as much commercialized as Christian Science.

The devotion of William Booth to the service of his kind may yet be as cunningly and profitably syndicated as the keen commercial intelligence of "Mother" herself. That, alas, is the way of enthusiasms when embodied into institutions. But at least Booth's time has not yet come. It did not come during his life, and one sees no sign that it has come as yet. The pure gold of Booth's devotion to humanity is as yet without alloy. And one cannot in justice fail to commend the tone of the reference in this biography to the one possible "scandal" which has clouded the record of the Salvation Army. Here is the reference: "It will doubtless be expected that I make some comment upon the painful separation from him of three of his own children, which was among the saddest events of the General's life, and yet I feel it best to say nothing. It is not within the scope of this book to tell 'all about it,' and telling part could only cause misunderstanding. So I leave it, and hope everybody else will do the same." The dignity and reticence of this sole allusion will be the more appreciated by those to whom they appeal at all since dignity and reticence are so extensively supposed to have no place among the "methods" of the Salvation Army.

A Railroad Man's Autobiography.

A schoolboy in Scotland in the '60s, a cable operator in South America and an adventurer on the veldt and in the diamond fields of Kimberley in the three wild years before Majuba Hill, such is the career, recorded in *The Autobiography of an Individualist* (Houghton Mifflin Company), that brought JAMES O. FAGAN to America, landing him at Boston in May, 1881. The autobiographer is the railroad signalman whose "confessions" were recently printed in a series of magazine articles, and naturally enough the account by himself of his development as a social philosopher is decidedly secondary in point of interest to his description of the business of running railroads in New England thirty years ago.

At East Deerfield, Mass., in 1881 the buildings and equipment of the railroad were primitive, and the business methods of the railroaders were chaotic. At one end of a long, elevated platform, somewhat insecurely anchored, the telegraph office was poised with reckless indifference to the laws of gravitation. There were a crude freight house, a large yard, an engine house, a coal elevator and a storehouse for flour. Freight was carelessly marked, and the names and addresses of consignees had frequently to be guessed at, with the result often enough that after a run over the road a consignment would be returned to be redirected and once more sent out on its travels. Documents known as tracers travelled on the trail of the derelict freight, and there was a special official who spent his time on the road pursuing the errant packages. There was a bale of cotton that became famous over a wide and devious itinerary and acquired a tracer "as bulky as any history of the country for the same period."

The men who ran the railroad, not from the offices but in the stations and yards, were Yankees who ranged all the way from geniuses without method to methodists without genius, and here and there a man energetic, capable and systematic all at once. There was Jake, who had charge of the flour house at East Deerfield. Ordered by telegraph to send three shipments of flour of different brands to as many widely separated "points" in New England, Jake found that he was "all out" of one of the brands called for: "but just watch me make 'em." With a scraper to remove the old mark and paint and a stencil to inscribe a satisfactory substitute, Jake deftly remedied the defect. Probably the purchaser never detected the imposition. A certain naive form of psychological insight covered thirty years ago, as it does to-day and will no doubt thirty times thirty years hence, a multitude of sins in business.

The station agent was of another mettle, shrewd but severely honest, completely capable and undeviatingly faithful in the minutiæ and the broad scope of his diversified duties; with that intelligent appreciation of the workings of the vast machinery in which he played, well content, so humble a part that distinguished the man in the ranks of labor in those possibly simpler days. Of late the intelligent understanding seems to have been ousted by a vaulting ambition that has crippled the capacity for contented acceptance of the workingman's lot, which is just as respectable as he pleases to make it. There was nothing of supine submission, but plenty of admirable self-respect and a good deal of dignity in the "type" well represented by F. A. Field at East Deerfield three decades of years ago.

Those were perilous days on the rail; "Evidence of social responsibility was confined to the sign on the crossing, 'Look out for the engine!'" The blind gods of industrial progress demanded a terrible, unnecessary sacrifice of human life. There was no recognition and gradual breaking in of the beginner; green hands were on the brakes and the telegraph keys. "The link and pin, the overhead bridge or the stealthy freight car on a flying switch" caused many injuries and deaths. New telegraph operators were bullied by the older men up and down the line, and there was a constant shifting of operators which frequently led to disastrous muddling of train orders. Complicated signals and rules confounded the confusion worse. Even the conductors were often posed by problems of right of way on a single track line. But the attention is held by a fine "old school" superintendent of the Fitchburg Railroad, who served forty-five years and "never made a mistake."

It is significant, if correct, that with the latter day increase of public interest in and knowledge of the working of the railroads, with the adoption of mechanical safeguards for trainmen and passengers and with the more careful training that men get before being "turned loose on their jobs" and the frequent searching examinations that test the quality of their work and their fitness for advancement, there is more real carelessness nowadays than there was in the cruder conditions of the '80s. The choice between reliance upon human alertness and dependence upon mechanical devices is as arbitrary and debatable as the metaphysical argument of free will against foreordination or the relative potency of hope of reward and fear of punishment.

Out of such conditions developed the new and more intelligent class of railroad men and the idea of organization for the common good and protection against avoidable danger:

> In the round house, in the caboose, in the telegraph office there was a never ending discussion of the vital issues of conditions and wages * * * no end of talk about rules, mechanical and personal safeguards, and the general improvement of the service. * * * But management in New England, taking its cue from the demonstrations accompanying the movement in some of the Western States, was antagonistic to the men.

Without tracing the progress of this movement in detail Mr. Fagan illustrates and illuminates its motives and character by describing the men and incidents in their work who came under his observation as he presided over the sixty levers in his perch of vantage in the switch tower at West Cambridge; trainmen and enginemen, trackmen, gatemen and towermen.

A chapter entitled "A Study of Three Presidents" switches the description to Roosevelt, Dr. Eliot and Mr. Mellen. Other chapters are "The Individual in Modern Industry," "The Riddle of the Railroads" and "Let Industry Be Free." Without faith in popular panaceas of remedy and reform, the author places his hope of "social salvation" in the awakening of the social conscience, "the gradual and natural evolution of the existing order."

The Squirearchy of Old England.

The fine old English gentleman is the subject of P. H. DITCHFIELD'S latest book, the author having already given us a number of similar historical studies. The title of his present treatise, *The Old English Country Squire* (George H. Doran Company) will at once stimulate our novelette nourished imaginations to a vision of an apotheosized John Bull, a warm hearted, imperious gentleman, ruling with kingly benignity from his throne "in his hereditary elbow chair by the hospitable fireplace of his ancestors." At Christmas especially we are apt to imagine the squire presiding genially over the Old World revelry in the servants' hall, when hoodman blind, snap dragon, bob apple and similar simple games lured all to a share in the festivity. Nor does Mr. Ditchfield altogether disappoint our romantic expectations; his book presents brief life stories of famous squires in all recognized types, clad in mediæval armor and ready for the tourney, gay cavaliers and Elizabethan adventurers, sportsmen, brilliant in hunting pink, or the more soberly attired man of affairs, absorbed in the management of his vast estates. The author is disposed lovingly to paint his hero in the manner most flattering; he asserts Fielding's Squire Allworthy, whom Americans believe too good to be true, to be an excellent specimen of his class, identifying him with Ralph Allen of Prior Park, but the boisterous brutality of Squire Western is condemned as the exaggerated presentment of a rare exception.

This history of the squirearchy is the conclusion of a trilogy, of which the preceding volumes dealt with those equally distinctive features of English rural life, the parson and the parson's clerk. The genial spirit which made the first two such pleasant reading has deserted the author, whose mood is markedly controversial. Not spiritedly so, which might persuade us to mild partisanship in his quarrel with the party at present in control of the Government. Mr. Ditchfield seems oppressed with a fatalistic conviction that his country is speeding on a course to the demnition bow-wows through the enforced retirement of the squires as the dominant factor in the national councils. To-day the English land owners might regard as prophetic the reply of a chimney sweep to Squire Forester of Willey in Shropshire. "What news from the lower regions?" he asked, as he warmed himself by the burning logs in jovial patronage of the grimy lad who had momentarily sought refuge from the cold outside. "Oh," replied the small proletarian jauntily, "things be going on there, sir, much as they do here—the gentlemen are nearest the fire." The tendency of recent legislation leaves Mr. Ditchfield no heart even to ask, "What are you going to do about it?"

He recognizes the passing of that powerful class which might even twenty-five years ago, with all the assurance of the original propounder, have put this question to a discontented nation. The power of the squirearchy is crippled; the estates are in alien hands. The author ill naturedly greets the encroachments of the "nouveaux riches" who buy up these stately homes of England, "town bred folk who emerge from the back streets and have amassed money by a new hair wash or an improvement in sticking plaster." To make two hairs grow where one grew before appeals to him as less ennobling than attaining to great estates by the simple policy of standing pat during the despoiling of the monasteries or buying them with wealth such as that Sir John Hawkins amassed by founding the Afro-American slave trade. To the statement of the beginnings of the latter nefarious traffic Mr. Ditchfield innocently appends "but the spirit of the old Vikings was incarnate in the old knight and nothing could daunt his courage." Such juxtaposition is enough to make the free souled Norsemen come back and haunt the discontented historian, whose book opens with the pessimistic statement, "The sound of the auctioneer's hammer is heard throughout the land, and everywhere estates are being broken up, divided into lots and sold to new owners. * * * The hammer falls and sounds the dirge of the passing away of a race of country gentlemen." Mr. Ditchfield concludes in a similar vein: "The race of squires appears to be doomed. It will be a sad day for the country when they entirely disappear and their place knows them no more. It is a revolution, quiet, peaceful, with no outward signs of violence and disturbance, but it is no less a revolution."

The social consciousness of the individual reader will decide the extent to which the author's mood of settled melancholy will be shared. It is Mr. Ditchfield's misfortune that he antagonizes us without convincing us that the squirearchy has been the main cause of England's greatness. True, he chronicles various heroic members of the class for which he makes large claims upon a country which he regards as indebted, but wilfully insolvent. His instances, modern or otherwise, do not invariably carry to the modernist the interpretation he gives them. Apparently he believes that an Englishman's house is his castle only when the house is actually of manorial dignity, seeing (apparently) no injustice in his anecdote of the farmer who tried to stop the hounds from running across the fields which were his means of livelihood. Capt. Bridges of the Hermitage in Hampshire had been told that this farmer had threatened to kill any huntsman who attempted to ride through his gate. "Here goes, then, life for life!" cried the captain and charged him. The farmer in defence aimed what Mr. Ditchfield characterizes as "a murderous blow" at his opponent and then fled, the captain in pursuit. When the hunted man at last took refuge in an uncovered drain his antagonist saluted his sorry victim in true sportsman fashion: "Whoo-whoop! I've run him to ground!"

The squire when sitting as county judge is described as "a petty sovereign whose will was law on his domain," Mr. Ditchfield believing him at his best on the bench of magistrates, where his unique qualifications are thus summed up: "He had been educated at Oxford or Cambridge and had studied at the bar; but he knew more of justice than of law and hammered out questions by the light of a sublime common sense. Right was right, and he maintained the right; if the law proclaimed a different conclusion, so much the worse for the law. Those who were brought before him knew they would obtain just and fair treatment and if he erred it would be on the side of mercy. But poaching was a crime he could not countenance. It was the seven deadly sins rolled into one." It may be questioned whether the people gained by being brought before a judge sunnily oblivious to the recognized code but insisting with *Shylock's* own fervor upon the letter of the law when the delinquency was one that infringed his own interests and privileges.

As a soldier and sailor Mr. Ditchfield again is disposed to overestimation. The romantic sea rovers of the Elizabethan days were not always by birth members of the land owning classes, but attained thereto by virtue of great achievement. The author regretfully admits this in the case of the two greatest, Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake. A mighty empire was won for England by the courage and striving of many men, the place of the squires in this heroic record being shared with various soldiers of fortune, many of whom had left their country for their country's good, and with the thousands of men, unnamed and unsung, who shared the dangers but not the rewards of the Homeric struggle when the Greater Britain was won. In war, no less than on the sea, Mr. Ditchfield leaves the thoughtful reader dubious and inclined to remember those humbler men who gave, in Kipling's phrase, "the 'arf of creation" to England, "bought the same with the sword and the flame and salted it down with their bones." The squire in war is described with naive admiration: "From gentlemen such as the squire of Willey the people got that lead which saved England in an hour of danger when Napoleon was assembling his forces at Boulogne and meant to conquer us. Everywhere the patriotic sons of England were drilling and arming. Napoleon liked not the tone and temper of a nation in arms and turned his legions eastward to try to subdue the rest of Europe. It is not too much to say that in that time of stress it was the squires who saved England, and it is not comforting to reflect that when similar invasions threaten our shores there will be few representatives of this class of country gentlemen left to rally their countrymen together to resist oppression."

The picture here seriously presented of the Corsican superman and his conquering legions dismayed by a vision of the train bands and militia of rural England suggests Bernard Shaw's ironic regrets that Napoleon did not conquer England as the surest, quickest means to a political education which has taken many years and much striving. In the dolorous chronicles of religious warfare the author cites heroic examples, Puritan, Anglican, Roman, of landed proprietors who clung stout heartedly to whichever of these formulas they professed, making their way with grim courage through days of which even the record is enough to daunt the contemporary imagination. Nevertheless one finds also the admission that in these times of persecution many of the squires "sought safety overseas or, resting quietly in their manor houses, watched fearfully from afar the hateful burnings of English men and women."

One does not wish to dwell unduly upon the controversial aspects of a subject which has for American readers little meaning. Here also the squire was a familiar feature of rural life, but his influence was merely the reflex of the neighborhood admiration for the most successful man of the community and had in it nothing of compulsory fealty. The light and graceful treatment of the two preceding volumes, relating to the parson and his clerk, as contrasted with the present book is easily understood because Disestablishment of the State Church is as yet a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, while the Land Tax is an accomplished fact. Mr. Ditchfield labors faithfully to win us to his conviction that the class which numbering some 2,500 out of 40,000,000 people, and possessed more than half the land, repaid this Brobdingnagian privilege by social services to any commensurate degree. He quotes with evident pleasure the admiration of a German, Prof. von Holtzendorff, who visited England in 1861, that a great English land owner frequently devoted three days in every week to unpaid service of the State by serving on various local boards. Would Prof. von Holtzendorff have testified as readily to the useful life of Squire William Ffaringdon of Worden Hall, near Leyland, who claimed that he "shot three days a week, hunted three days a week and picked the thorns out of his legs on Sunday"? While no one will quarrel with Mr. Ditchfield for his opinions in themselves, many readers are likely to be alienated from a treatise carefully compiled of historic interest because of the biassed and too often ill natured method of presentation. He forgets Schopenhauer's truly invaluable precept that one may express any opinion, however heterodox and unpopular, so long as it is uttered with such absolute detachment as shall indicate that the will of the speaker is not attempting to control the hearer's.

In a book dominated by masculine portraits that gentle creature the squire's lady has but one chapter devoted to her. Brief as is the space allotted, enough is said to introduce us to a woman whose undeniable charm was even as the least of her many fine qualities. She was a devoted wife and mother, the wise executive head of a vast establishment wherein everything was of skilled home production, food, wines, linen, clothing. She extended her benevolent despotism to the neighboring cottages, where she fed the hungry, comforted the sorrowful, admonished the wayward and doctored the sick by simple remedies of her own concoction. This latter possibility may have been a cause contributary to the depopulation of rural England and the modern migration to large towns.

Perhaps of all the several feminine portraits in the book Anne, the baby daughter of Sir Thomas Pope, founder of Trinity College at Oxford, lingers most delightfully in the memory, and this because of the charming verses written for her to hold out when she was presented to King James I. at Wroxton:

> See this little mistress here
> Did never sit in Peter's chaire,
> Or a triple crown did weare,
> And yet she is a Pope.
> No benefice she ever sold,
> Nor did dispense with sins for gold.
> She hardly is a sen'night old,
> And yet she is a Pope.
> No king her hand did ever kiss,
> Nor had from her worse look than this,
> Nor did she ever hope
> To saint one with a rope,
> And yet she is a Pope.
> A female Pope, you'll say, a second Joan,
> No sure—she is Pope Innocent or none.

BRITISH MUSEUM BOOKS.

Percentage of Works Published That Are Received.

From Chambers's Journal.

It is quite a popular belief that the British Museum's library contains all the books published.

This is indeed a long way from the truth—just about three-quarters of the truth and nothing more. In other words, even of the books published in this country since the invention of printing the museum library has only about 75 per cent.

Each year, however, the percentage is being increased by purchases in the matter of old books and by gift in the case of new books under the copyright law.

However much authors and publishers grudge the copies of their books that have to be presented to other copyright libraries few if any grudge the copy that has to be presented to the museum library.

The Literary Lady of Bloomsbury cannot be described as inexpensive; rather the opposite, in fact, as she required, including the Natural History Museum, nearly £180,000 last year, or nearly as much as all the other public libraries in the country together spent on books throughout the same period.

The museum and its library have undergone various vicissitudes since it was first founded in 1753 by the purchase of the collection of books of Sir Hans Sloane for £20,000. No one would attempt to estimate the value of its literary contents now, too many of them are priceless, but it has steadily grown year after year.

As it expanded it got rid of the natural history section and within recent years the newspaper department had been established at Hendon, where another sum in acreage and tonnage is waiting to be worked out by the curious student.

The whole history and work of the institution bristle with statistical and other problems. Here is one: What would be the annual value of the autographs on the application forms received from famous readers? The total for the years that are gone would be enormous when it is remembered that every famous man of letters and many others both famous and infamous in other walks of life have made use of the museum library at one time or another.

Precious Manuscripts in Vatican Library.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

The Vatican Library is probably the most sumptuously housed in the world. This, of course, is only as it should be, for the collection contains some of the most precious manuscripts in existence, including the Biblical "Codex Vaticanus" of the fourth century, the fifth century Virgil and the palimpsest "De Republica" of Cicero.

The printed books include over 2,500 fifteenth century editions, many of them vellum copies. The total library has been estimated to comprise over 220,000 volumes and 30,000 manuscripts, but it has never been adequately catalogued.

The Pension Vauquet.

From the Westminster Gazette.

Another relic of a bygone Paris is being demolished, a house in the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Genevieve. This is the pension Vauquet of Balzac's "Pere Goriot." Readers of the story will remember that Balzac describes the house as being situated near a steep rise in the street, avoided as far as possible by drivers on account of the strain upon the horses.

The house had three floors and an attic, and was coated with a fawn colored wash, a feature of Paris houses of an older date which Balzac seemingly did not appreciate. Some photographs of the pension have been secured for preservation in the Musee Carnavalet.